SOME NEW BOOKS.

Cyclopædia of American Biography—Vols. III.-V.

Of the *Cyclopædia of American Biography*, edited by JAMES GRANT WILSON and JOHN FISKE, and published by the Appletons, three additional volumes have been issued, and it is evident that a sixth volume will complete the work. In a previous notice we described the principles of selection adopted by the editors. These, as we then pointed out, are not likely to give universal satisfaction, but are upon the whole as little open to objection as any that could be suggested. So far as concerns the inclusion of persons not natives, residents, or visitors of the United States, the governing consideration has been the extent or importance of their connection with American history. As regards others, the question whether this or that person ever did anything deserving commendation in a compilation of this kind is obviously one that had to be determined by the editors, who, being human, would naturally be swayed in certain instances by personal predilections or social affiliations. So that in the case of some comparatively obscure persons who have been deemed worthy of mention the editors may be held by some readers guilty of sins of commission, while others may arraign them for offences of an opposite kind. But, obviously, the compilers had to follow some standard or arbiter of merit, and as they could not undertake to poll the whole community in doubtful cases, they had to follow their own judgment, which will, we venture to say, be sanctioned by the great majority of well-informed and sensible men.

Among the biographical sketches in the third volume, which on one ground or another are noteworthy, may be specified those of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by George William Curtis; of Washington Irving, by Donald G. Mitchell; of La Salle, by Francis Parkman; of Andrew Jackson, by John Fiske; of Alexander Hamilton, by Henry Cabot Lodge; of Patrick Henry, by William Wirt Henry, and of Abraham Lincoln, by John Hay. It is of course such contributions as the three first named that are relied upon to raise the level of the work in respect of literary workmanship, while the others designated are conspicuous examples of historical authority and research.

In the article on Hawthorne we are furnished at the outset with the key to his character and the trend of his talent. In few men, as Mr. Curtis shows us, is it easier to trace the effect of heredity and environment, which in his case emphasized instead of neutralizing one another. His first American ancestor, William Hathorne (the novelist inserted the w), who settled at Salem in 1636, was, so Mr. Curtis reminds us, "in that grimmest of all the Puritan communities as stern and almost as conspicuous a figure as John Endicott." He was a persecutor of the Quakers, and his son was the harsh presiding Judge at the Salem trials for witchcraft. On these genealogical data Mr. Curtis makes a characteristic comment in which a physiological probability is handled like an artist: "It is easy to fancy the fine, strong roots of the author's genius stretching backward and feeding upon that rank soil of early Puritanism and transmitting its dark and acrid juices into the weird and exquisite blossoming of the tales and romances." To these remoter inherited tendencies is added the fact that Hawthorne's own father is described as a taciturn and melancholy man. If now we look at his early surroundings we find him living as an only child in a lonely house near the already decaying wharves of Salem—a house in which his mother wholly secluded herself after her husband's death. When in his tenth year his mother moved to a thinly settled part of Maine the habits of brooding and of solitude formed in his boyhood were, as Mr. Curtis points out, so thoroughly confirmed that four years of college life at Bowdoin could not uproot them. On the contrary, in Salem, to which he returned after graduation, he passed twelve years of his life in a lonely chamber, seldom going out, except at twilight, for long, solitary walks.

Two other passages of Mr. Curtis's article will be read with peculiar pleasure. One suggests an analogy between the sunny and serene and lofty tone of Emerson, with that of the author of L'Allegro, Comus, and Lycidas, while in "Hawthorne's imagination, brooding over the mysteries of human life and character," it would recognize a likeness to the "later strain of the Puritan poet dealing with fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute." The other and the last extract which we shall make from Mr. Curtis's sketch adverts to the curious circumstance that the creator of "The Scarlet Letter," a "romance drawn from the shadow and mystery and barrenness of the earliest civilized life of New England, a tale which made its gloom marvellously picturesque and pathetic," was the very man who was to say in the preface to the "Marble Faun" that "no author without a trial can conceive the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong."

We can see from Mr. Donald S. Mitchell's short life of Washington Irving that in the latter's father, as in Hawthorne's, there was a strong tinge of the Puritan. He is portrayed as "a strict disciplinarian" who "held all playhouses in detestation, counted dancing a sin, and looked askance upon any Sunday reading in his household beyond the catechism or Bible story or—delightful exception for the boy—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." But in Irving's character the stern and sombre traits of the paternal parent were softened and indeed effaced by proclivities derived from the maternal side. "All accounts represent his mother as a dear, good, lively, cheery, sympathetic person, beloved in her household." It is a striking fact recorded by Mr. Mitchell that all the schooling Irving ever had ended at the age of 16, and, besides the ordinary English branches, included only a smattering of Latin. The next four or five years were spent in a lawyer's office, and then his wider education began with the two years which he spent in European travel. In 1809, three years after his return, he published the "History of New York," by Diedrich Knickerbocker, whose pecuniary returns ($3,000) may well be deemed remarkable when we compare them with the six or seven hundred copies of Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" which New England furnished a market for in 1837.

Poor Hawthorne had still greater reason to envy Irving's good luck (what else, when we compare the two men, can we call it?) when in 1820-24 John Murray paid more than $15,500 for the privilege of reprinting in England the "Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," and "Tales of a Traveller." Who reads "Bracebridge Hall" to-day? It is true that the "Sketch Book" remains, as Mr. Mitchell says, the most popular of the Irving books. For the "Life of Columbus" the author received $18,000, and Mr. Mitchell praises "its safe judgments" and "research," but surely he must know that it possesses no historical authority. As for the "Conquest of Granada" and "Tales of the Alhambra," which Mr. Mitchell wisely describes as of "a more popular cast," they are beneath the criticism of any one who knows anything at first hand about the history of the Spanish Moors. The four years which Irving subsequently spent at Madrid as United States Minister were turned to no account as regards the acquisition of a more thorough knowledge of the history of Spain. The "Life of Mahomet" is euphemistically pronounced "not of the author's best," but everybody will agree with Mr. Mitchell in pronouncing Irving's Life of Goldsmith "a delightful biography sparkling with the author's best touches." There is, as every one must recognize, an astonishing likeness in the quality of Irving's and of Goldsmith's humor. As humorists they have a place apart and side by side, but their historical experiments—and both made them—were egregious failures. Of Irving's most ambitious effort in this direction —"The Life of Washington"—Mr. Mitchell candidly admits that "esteem for the author and for his past triumphs lent no inconsiderable force to the encomiums bestowed on it," and that there is "no such strong grasp of the subject or such sustained vigor of treatment as will rank it with great biographies." The concluding estimate is just to Irving and characteristic of the writer. "We cannot," says Mr. Mitchell, "class Washington Irving among those strenuous souls who delve new channels for thought; his touch in literature is of a gentler sort. We may safely, however, count him the best beloved among American authors—his character was so clean, his language so full of grace, his sympathies so true and wide, and his humor so genuine and abounding."

The sketch of La Salle, short at it is, brings out all the cardinal facts in the adventurous career of the man who, thanks to Mr. Parkman, is now known to all of us as "the foremost pioneer of the great West." It is an odd circumstance recalled by Mr. Parkman in this article that a tract of land given to La Salle by the Jesuits of Montreal received the nickname of La Chine in mockery of his earliest schemes (whose feasibility was to be demonstrated two centuries afterward), because they involved the discovery of a way to China across the American continent. The more practicable project, which he subsequently formed and of which the French never wholly lost sight, contemplated the occupation by a chain of fortified posts of the great lakes and the valleys of the Ohio, the Illinois, and the Mississippi. He proved this scheme practicable by descending the Illinois to its junction with the Mississippi, and thence following the latter waterway to its mouth, where on April 9, 1682, he "planted a column bearing the arms of France, and in the name of Louis XIV. took possession of the whole valley of the great river from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains." It is plain enough that nothing in the pre-Revolutionary explorations undertaken by the English colonists is comparable to this achievement.

The short life of Andrew Jackson contributed by Mr. John Fiske to this volume is the first absolutely non-partisan, and therefore thoroughly veracious biography of the seventh President that we have seen. As might have been expected, the truth, far from dwarfing his rude but stalwart figure, serves only to exalt it. The lowliness of his beginnings and the wildness of his earlier experiences, on which his Federalist assailants used to lay so much stress, simply make the eminence and influence to which he afterward attained the more exciting to the imagination. Mr. Fiske admits, for instance, that even the birthplace of Jackson is indeterminable; but what does this signify? The same thing might be said, and has been said of President Arthur's birthplace. It is also acknowledged that even in the limited field of "the three R's" Jackson's school attainments were but scanty; "he never learned in the course of his life to write English correctly." As much may be said of some college graduates. His meagre educational equipments did not prevent Jackson from becoming a self-made lawyer and a self-made General. As regards his claim to military distinction, he who gained the battle of New Orleans is restored by Mr. Fiske to his rightful place among American soldiers. Mr. Fiske points out what we are in these days too apt to forget, that "the British expedition directed against New Orleans was more formidable than any other that we had to encounter in the war of 1812-15. Its purpose also was more deadly," for it was "intended to make a permanent conquest of the lower Mississippi valley, and to secure for Great Britain the western bank of the river." To that purpose were devoted 12,000 of Wellington's veterans from the Spanish peninsula, commanded by Wellington's brother-in-law. After reminding us that Jackson had but 8 killed and 13 wounded, while the repulsed British army left behind 2,600 of their number killed and wounded, Mr. Fiske insists that "never perhaps in the history of the world has a battle been fought between armies of civilized men with so great a disparity of loss. It was also the most complete and overwhelming defeat that any English army has ever experienced."

Far from sharing the current opinion on another point, Mr. Fiske is convinced that "of personal ambition, as ordinarily understood, Jackson had much less than many other men." No doubt he was susceptible to flattery, but he was by no means naturally a person of inordinate self-esteem. This seems a fair deduction from an anecdote quoted upon apparently good authority. When in 1823 some of his friends suggested the idea of making him President, Jackson at first cast ridicule upon it. "Do they suppose," said he, "that I am such a d—d fool as to think myself fit for President of the United States? No, sir, I know what I am fit for. I can command a body of men in a rough way, but I am not fit to be President." It is true enough, as Mr. Fiske observes in a subsequent paragraph, that a "stronger contrast to previous Presidents than Jackson afforded cannot well be imagined. A man with less training in statesmanship it would be hard to find. In his defects he represented average humanity, while his excellences were such as the most illiterate citizen could appreciate. In such a man the ploughboy and the blacksmith could feel that in some essential respects they had for President one of their own sort." Toward the close of this sketch we come upon a sentence embodying what seems likely to remain the final estimate of history. After recalling on the one hand Jackson's deficiencies and on the other the events which made of his Administration a singularly critical and remarkable period, Mr. Fiske says: "In having a President of this type and at such a time we were fortunate in securing a man so sound in most of his impulses, of such absolute probity, truthfulness, and courage, and such unflinching loyalty to the Union."

The peculiar competence of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge to furnish an outline of Alexander Hamilton's career was signally demonstrated by the exhaustive and authoritative "Life" of the great Federalist statesman, which he published some six years ago. Mr. Lodge is as little of an idolator as is Mr. Fiske, and the sketch before us is as conspicuous for unflinching truth telling as was the far more extended biography by the same author. No attempt is made to clear up by flattering conjecture the mystery which involves Hamilton's birth and parentage; indeed, Mr. Lodge evidently deems it impossible to determine, if it were worth doing, the name of his father or that of his mother. It is odd, when we think of it, that a man of such debatable origin should have been the most conspicuous and ardent advocate of an aristocratic, not to say monarchical, system of government, and it would be still more amazing that the landowning oligarchs of New York should have accepted him as their champion, were not this fact partially explained by his marriage with Miss Schuyler. That he wished to make the Chief Magistrate of this country virtually a monarch is proved by the plan that he submitted to the Federal Convention which framed the Constitution, for this contemplated the installation of a President and Senators for life, and the appointment of the Governors of States by the national Executive. Among acts of his subsequent life which, even from his own point of view, proved blunders, Mr. Lodge specifies his ignoring of the Livingstons in the selection of the first United States Senators, which cost his own party, the Federalist, the control of New York. Another fatal mistake was his open attack upon John Adams, which completed the ruin of the Federalists in the Presidential contest of 1800. Luckily for the country, he did what he could to avert one disastrous consequence of the latter error by preventing the elevation of Burr to the Presidency by the House of Representatives. We will only add that, limited as is the space at Mr. Lodge's command, the inestimable services rendered by Hamilton in restoring order to the national finances and in organizing the Government under the Constitution are distinctly indicated.

The preparation of a sketch of Patrick Henry has been intrusted, not to Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, the author of a recent yet already well-known Life, but to William Wirt Henry, who, as we are led to presume by his name, is a descendant both of the Revolutionary orator and of the latter's first biographer, William Wirt. The facts, as they are here briefly recapitulated, agree in the main with those which Prof. Tyler has verified with so much care, but the reader would scarcely suspect the flagrant deficiencies of Henry's general and professional education or the extreme humbleness of the circumstances in which he was brought up. Like Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson, Patrick Henry would undoubtedly have been classed in his youth as a "poor white," and we cannot understand the state of mind to which such a purely fortuitous fact seems likely to detract from, instead of enhancing a man's subsequent achievements. The account here given of the distinguished and probably decisive part taken by Henry in securing a declaration of independence by the colonies is entirely satisfactory. So is the description of his attitude toward the Constitution. It is true, as the author of the present article points out, that in the Virginia Convention he made some remarkable predictions with regard to the future of the Federal Government. He foretold the abolition of slavery, but instead of this being done, as he prophesied, by Congress, it was to be effected as to the States in rebellion by Presidential proclamation, and as to the border States by constitutional amendment, which also cured any lack of validity in the proclamation.

For an adequate delineation of Abraham Lincoln the editors have wisely had recourse to Mr. John Hay, who, in collaboration with Mr. John G. Nicolay, has for some years been engaged on a most comprehensive survey of the life and times of the first Republican President. This reproduction of the larger work in miniature is admirably done. M. W. H.

BOOK NOTES.

"Frank Leslie's Christmas Book," published by Mrs. Frank Leslie, is full of quaint stories and appropriate illustrations, which will unquestionably please the little folks.

Georges Ohnet's novel of the *Maitre des Forges*, is published in English under the title of "The Iron Master," by Rand, Macnally & Co. It is the London translation.

"Wrecked on Labrador," by Winfrid A. Stearns (Thomas Y. Crowell), is a well-told story of adventure, in which much interesting information is conveyed regarding the geography and natural history of Labrador. It is a capital book for boys.

The Excelsior Publishing House sends a very useful little book by Alfred M. A. Beale, entitled "Calisthenics and Light Gymnastics for Home and School." Particular attention is given to marching, fencing, and swimming, and the illustrations by S. M. Speddon add considerably to the value of the book.

A new volume of Oriental poetry from Sir Edwin Arnold is always a literary event of importance. He now gives us "Sa'di's Book of Love," its songs being included and scattered through an original poem of Arnold's, in which the songs of Sa'di are inserted like pictures in a frame. The result is exceedingly beautiful, and, while it has nothing of the high religious purpose of Sir Edwin's famous book on Buddhism, it is equally interesting as a literary production.

The latest number of Ruskin's "Præterita," issued by the Wileys, is entitled "Mont Velan," which is the name borne by the crowning peak of the Great St. Bernard. It is partly historical and partly descriptive, and contains some charming autobiographical sketches of his early Oxford career, when the author of "Modern Painters" was a rising celebrity. The slight references to Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone are felicitous, as well as characteristic of the men.

A very appetising little volume is Mr. Thomas J. Murrey's "Oysters and Fish" (F. A. Stokes & Brother), abounding in receipts for cooking those precious gifts to man. Persons accustomed to eat oysters as served at down-town restaurants will find in Mr. Murrey's remarks on the subject a genuine gastronomic revelation. We trust that in a future edition of his work he will instruct the public how to make fish chowder, a lost, or rather undiscovered art outside of New England.

Robert Christy is the compiler of a work in two handsome volumes, entitled "Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Ages" (Putnams). It exhibits a very considerable knowledge of proverbial literature, discrimination in the choice of material, and intelligence in the arrangement of it. Nearly every language spoken by civilized men seems to have been drawn upon, and the result is a body of matter surprising by the variety and copiousness of its illustrations of human wit and wisdom. It is true that we miss here and there a familiar quotation or phrase which might seem entitled to a place in these volumes, but the work is generally so well done that criticism of this sort might be called invidious.

Mr. J. P. Quincy calls his novel "The Peckster Professorship" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) an episode in the history of psychical research. It is all that and a good deal more, dealing with psychism, metaphysics, spiritism, and all kinds of modern mysticisms in a manner interesting enough to the contemporary speculator, but which would exasperate the average summer seaside reader of romances. The story is very slight and rather indistinctly developed, but then the philosophical talk of the characters, both men and women, is incessant, and words of five syllables and upward abound on every page. The author's aim appears to be to rebuke the narrowness of an age which would close the doors of scientific inquiry upon many problems considered delusive, childish, or founded on fraud.

Macmillan & Co. publish "The Aspern Papers," by Henry James, under which head are included three tales of modern life. The title story is one of Mr. James's finest achievements. Insignificant in plot, and of moderate quality in respect of the characters, it is nevertheless a masterly study of human nature and emotions. The hero, if such he may be called, is an enthusiastic admirer of Jeffrey Aspen, a deceased poet of remarkable talent and attainments, who had in early life a love affair with a woman who long survived him. This woman is discovered to be the inhabitant of a dilapidated palace in Venice, and in the possession of certain papers, which, if once secured, would throw much light upon the early life of the poet. The hero of the tale obtained admission to her house as a lodger, and furtively sought to make himself master of these treasures, only to be disappointed in the end. This might seem to be a very trivial plot, but the genius of the author has infused it with remarkable interest. The few characters introduced stand out with unmistakable clearness, and the catastrophe is sharply outlined. Above all, the Venetian setting of the story lends a special charm to it.

Nothing but Limburger.

From the Portland Oregonian.

Occasionally harrowing accounts of the sufferings of the survivors of shipwrecks are published, and it makes one's blood run cold to hear of people out for days in an open boat with only two crackers and a bucket of water to a man, and as the days pass by and no friendly sail comes in sight the rations are reduced to one cracker and two buckets of water, and at last lots are drawn to decide as to which of the party is in the best condition, &c. But all these stories pale into insignificance compared to the sufferings of Capt. Stott and the crew of the steamer Rowena, who got aground on Lake River lately while after a raft of piling. They were fast in the mud for four days with nothing to eat but Limburger cheese. What their sufferings were no pen can describe.

Hogan's Lucky Cent.

From the Chicago Herald.

A one-cent piece saved M. J. Hogan's life night before last. Mr. Hogan, who is a contractor at 2,917 Haines court, had discharged John Hopkins, a laborer, who had been working for him a short time. Hopkins went to Hogan's house Thursday evening to demand his money. Mr. Hogan refused to pay him then. Hopkins then drew a revolver and fired at close range, the bullet striking Hogan in the abdomen. A cent piece in Hogan's pocket intercepted the ball, and, instead of causing a fatal wound, only a bruise was made on the flesh.

It Settled the Twins' Names.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

A few days ago a lady in the Sixteenth ward presented her husband with twins, both boys, and her physician suggested that they should be named Harrison and Morton. Being without strong party feeling, she consented to so name them if Tuesday's election confirmed the choice. Yesterday the doctor was prepared to enter them as Harrison and Morton in his report on "Vital Statistics."

THE IRISH COLLEGE IN PARIS.

A Little Oasis of Erin in the Midst of the Parisian Desert—Old Paris and its Wealth of Ancient Unknown Treasures.

PARIS, Nov. 1, 1888.—Ireland is the land of emigration; the whole world bears testimony to that fateful fact. Throughout the whole universe, beyond the seas, in the capitals of the old and new world, Ireland has cast seeds which, pushing out strong roots, have flourished and developed, while at home those same seeds would have declined and perished under adverse local circumstances, or at best thrown up only tares.

Among the numerous examples which could be adduced there is one of which in general small mention is made. Beyond the Pantheon in Paris, near that low elevation called the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, is a little unfrequented narrow street or lane, almost forgotten by the Parisians, the Rue des Irlandais. In striking contrast with its squalor rises a huge gateway, surmounted by a harp, encompassed with branches of laurel and palms, bearing the inscription "College des Irlandais." One desirous of entering will be shown only a part of the buildings, although his guide will perform his functions with all possible courtesy. The visitor first enters a not very imposing parlor or waiting room; the walls are studded with marble panels on which are engraved in golden letters the four words, "France," "Ireland," "Armagh," "Dublin." Framed in the national emblem, the shamrock, is a long list of names of all of the benefactors of the Irish foundations. You read among many others, "Louis XVI., donor of the Lombard College;" "Lawrence Kelly, founder of the present college—closed during the revolution of 1793, reopened through the magnanimity of Napoleon the First;" followed by the names of Archbishops, merchants of Bordeaux, and the name of Guillaume de Bautree, reader to King Louis XV.

The building consists of three wings forming a square yard planted with fine old chestnut trees. The centre is occupied by a small monument in which stands a statue of the Virgin; the harp of Erin and the shamrock are carved on the stone in gigantic proportions above the inscription: "Ulster, Munster, Leinster, Connaught—Erin-go-Bragh." The almoner of Napoleon III. had this monument erected, perhaps to commemorate the fact that he was the administrator of all the Irish foundations throughout France.

The common parlor and refectory are spacious but plain; a few maps and engravings alone relieve the cold severity of the walls. Crossing the hall, a pretty chapel is reached, with wooden stalls for the students, and commemorative tablets half obliterated by time.

The history of the Irish College dates a long way back. Under James II. some proscribed and persecuted Irishmen, having among them an ancestor of Marshal MacMahon, sought refuge in France; several youths were received into the College Montaigne, but the Irish Bishops collected funds to assist the exiles in their penury and distress, and raised enough money to enable them to receive instruction in houses placed under the direction of Irish priests. The small community owed to the public liberality the privilege of settling in the College Lombard, where those who devoted themselves to the ecclesiastical state received professional training; but when their number increased, the Superior, the Rev. Father Kelly, purchased a site in the street of the Green Horse, which was rechristened Rue des Irlandais, and built the chapel at his own expense.

Under the Reign of Terror the Irish College was invaded by the ruthless destroyers of order, and the Superior, Abbé Kearney, who, with the Abbé Edgeworth, had been present at the execution of Louis XVI., was thrown into prison. When the troubled times of the Revolution had passed, the doors of the college were once more opened, Napoleon I. expressing a wish that the sons of the old Irish families settled in France should be sent there. They were sent there, and were followed by many belonging to the best French nobility. On the college rolls can be seen the names of Jerome Bonaparte, four Counts de la Rochefoucauld, Baron Shee, Commander Corbett, and others.

During the second empire all the Irish foundations in France were placed under one jurisdiction, the special supervision of the Irish college being given to the Archbishop of Paris and the Irish Bishops. Since 1873 the organization is regulated by a decree of M. Jules Simon, the Minister of Public Instruction. The Administrative Board is composed of seven members, three of whom are Judges of the superior courts of the State, three nominated by the Minister, together with the Superior of the college. The functions of the Board consist in controlling the budget, the expenses, and revenues.

The house is virtually a seminary for the whole of Ireland. The professors, all Irish, are nominated by the Minister on the recommendation of the Archbishop. At the present time there are about 100 students; a great number owe their admission free of personal payment, to the liberal contributions of their compatriots. The income of the college is also derived from property it owns at Bordeaux and from the old Lombard College in the Rue des Carmes, which is much frequented by Irish Roman Catholic workingmen.

The course of studies extends over seven years, and comprises rhetoric, philosophy, and theology. To be admitted, the student must hold a B. A. degree and be introduced by a member of the higher Irish clergy. After the annual examinations and distribution of prizes, they can spend their holidays at home, but many prefer to stay in France and perfect themselves in the language. All who enter have the fixed purpose of becoming priests, and some of the most distinguished Irish ecclesiastics have graduated at the College of the Montagne Ste. Geneviève.

Professors and students, as subjects of the Queen of England, are under the protection of the British Embassy. However, when under the empire the Superior petitioned to have a share of the indemnity allotted to the English residents in Paris, the English Government would not acknowledge the claim, on the plea that the college was under French jurisdiction.

This institution, which is three centuries old, harbors a deep gratitude and fidelity to France without losing any of its patriotic spirit; it recognizes the delicacy and loyalty which has ever looked upon the Irish foundations as a sacred trust. While the Alma Mater of Ireland lives and flourishes and has weathered political storms and financial difficulties, institutions similar in character which were once extant near this same Montagne Ste. Geneviève have completely disappeared. The celebrated Abbey St. Victor, which was the cradle of the University of Paris, where Abelard disputed with Guillaume de Champeaux, where St. Bernard and St. Thomas Aquinas resided, has disappeared and been replaced by wine vaults. A modern school stands on the spot formerly occupied by the Abbey of Ste. Geneviève, and a public market thrives on the site of the ancient Carmelite abbey. Few traces remain of the famous Dominican convent which contained even more royal tombs than St. Denis; and the footprints of St. Bernard, St. Louis, St. Francis, and of the benevolent apostle St. Vincent de Paul have long since been erased from the ill-paved, narrow streets, strangled between the tall houses of old Paris, which they trod on their errands of piety or mercy.

Yet it is in this old Paris, so often talked about, so little known in reality, beloved by Victor Hugo so well that out of the stores of his prodigious memory he could, in his long exile, reconstruct it for his readers; it is there that lies the charm, the attraction, the serious interest of the French capital. Here are found sights infinitely more captivating than all the modern evidences of art and luxury in the newer quarters. There, not only Cluny opens its archaic treasures, and many-centuried houses rear their dark façades, but collections may be seen which Murray does not mention and Baedeker does not catalogue, perhaps because they know them not, which are not less curious for this silence. To name only one: How many tourists have thought of visiting the Musée Lutere created by M. Toulouze in the Rue Arago? What is now the home of his scientifically gathered hoards was in the time of the Gauls a cemetery for children. Then a large glass factory stood there, and later on, but still in remote antiquity, a potter's yard. There can now be seen, amid many equally rare specimens, found by patient researches and intelligent excavations in the rich, unexplored subsoil of the great city, a Gallo-Roman *ampula*, containing 300 pieces of money stamped with the effigies of Valerian, Galienus, and of Marius, the Cæsar who was an armorer and was killed by his apprentice. There are the glasses placed by the ancient Gauls at the head of their dead: there toys used by children in the time of Ste. Geneviève, tiny pots, kettles, and diminutive kitchen utensils; earthenware whistles, which after 2,000 years still emit a shrill sound; feeding bottles of the same date, not unfit even now for use; a curious little boat, not very different, however, in shape from those used for fishing on the Seine, and what M. Toulouze considers the gem of his collection, a surgeon's case of the third century found in a tomb near the present Mayor's office of the Thirteenth arrondissement. This tomb was on the edge of an old Roman road leading from Lutetia to Genabum, now Orleans, and was probably situated in the garden of the owner of the case. The case contains all the instruments for ordinary operations, and a doctor has been heard to say that, with a little cleaning and grinding, they might still be used professionally. Baron James de Rothschild offered £1,000 for this curiosity, but M. Toulouze refused the sum, as he would any other, considering it a point of honor to keep this unique article in his museum.

But the majority of foreigners, travellers, and, it must be confessed, Parisians, never dream of turning aside from the Boulevards, the "Bois de Bolong," the Elysian Fields, the emporiums of the Louvre and Bon Marché, to spend an hour or two in those solemn, hushed quarters of old Paris where the past lies enshrined and undefiled by the tinsel and cheap gilding of a meretricious present. M. DE S.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Our Peaceful Revolution.

Easily, quietly, just as the frost that at nightfall
Touches and changes the tender and delicate herbage,
Leaving the fronds and the blossoms discolored and shrivelled,
So, in a day did a mighty and far-spreading country,
Covering all the great space between ocean and ocean,
Reaching from glaciers eternal to tropical regions,
Holding and blessing conglomerate millions of people,
Quietly, peaceably, order a change of its rulers.

War! There was none but of tongues and of pens and of printing,
Only a campaign of reason, perhaps education,
Only a war of opinion, a strife of ideas.
Never a sword was unsheathed, and the rifles and cannons
Rested and rusted in casemates and armories, harmless.
Thus, in a day, the determined but peaceful battalions,
Marshalled and trained for the fight, and all eager for action,
Met in the war of opinion: one side was victorious,
Gaining the field which the other reluctantly yielded.

Never had Kaiser or King such a vast field of battle,
Reaching immensely beyond the best range of men's vision;
Never had General or chief so tremendous an army,
Countless as leaves of the trees or as sands of the seashore;
Never did troops in the service of King or of Kaiser
Handel such seemingly small but significant weapons.
Yet in a day was the war of succession decided,
Just by the dropping of innocent pieces of paper.

Oh, it is wonderful! triumph of civilization!
Triumph of justice and order and calm self-repression!
Triumph of forces engendered when man was an infant,
Now their perfection approaching when man is an adult!
Triumph of freedom and test of the greatest republic!
Triumph of doctrines laid down and enforced by our fathers!
Triumph of Washington, Jefferson, Henry, and Franklin!
Triumph of all their descendants and millions of others,
All of them freemen and greatly rejoicing in freedom!

Thus may it be and continue through numberless ages!
Thus shall the Government splendidly pictured by Lincoln
Always exist, while the monarchies sicken and perish!

A Suggestion.

Let the wild red rose bloom. Though not to thee
So delicately perfect as the white
And unwed lily drooping in the light;
Though she has known the kisses of the bee
And tells her amorous tale to passers by,
In perfumed whispers, and with untaught grace,
Still let the red rose bloom in her own place;
She could not be the lily should she try!

Why to the wondrous nightingale cry Hush
Or bid her cease her wild, heart-breaking lay
And tune her voice to imitate the way
The whippoorwill makes music, or the thrush?
All airs of sorrow to one theme belong,
And passion is not copyrighted. Yet
Each heart writes its own music. Why not let
The nightingale unchided sing her song?

NEW YORK, Nov. 8. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Battle Bees.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Were you there when the columns swirled about?
Did you hear the cannon's rattle?
Did you hear the regiment's lusty shout,
And the hum of the bees of battle?

The bees that hummed in the air were of lead;
How they sang through the leafy bowers!
And the juice of the flowers which they drank was red:
How the battle-bees fed on flowers!

The flowers of homes in the sunny South,
Of homes in the North deserted;
How they bowed their heads in the fiery drouth,
How the bees among them flirted;

How they swarmed in the '60's summer tide,
How they flew through the forest singing,
How they stung as they sang and the flowers died,
Died suddenly from the stinging!

Were you there when the bees came humming through
Were you there when they so beset us,
When the honey they made with so much ado
Was sweeter than that of Hymettus?

Was it sweet? Ah, it was! So I say again!
Its sweetness was told in story;
It was deadly sweet to the armies twain,
But the honey was only glory.

STANLEY WATERLOO.

On the Evolutionary Loss of the Little Toe.

From Guy's Hospital Gazette.

If thou must go, thou feeble, foolish digit,
Fain would I speed thy slow, degenerate way;
I daily feel a disagreeable fidget
Whenever I've occasion to display
Thy doubtful outline, and thy form chaotic,
Born of a taste in boots, perhaps erotic.
Thou art a shock to my æsthetic sense,
And offerest no kind of recompense
In way of use; of every function shorn,
Except to act as basis for a corn.
When thou art gone I'll still maintain my grace,
Still walk erect wherever I may be;
Still I'll belong to the athletic race,
Waltz with the fair, and kick mine enemy!
So peace ye Schopenhauers, and peace ye Mallocks,
When I've acquired a hypertrophied hallux,
To monodactyle type thus simplified,
Life shall be simpler, too, and so beatified.

When future science forgets thee in thy prime,
Methinks a great mind from a northern clime
May then discuss thy remnants, and declare
He finds a true prophetic organ there!

A Narrow Vale.

From Current Literature.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold
And barren peaks of two eternities.
We strive in vain to look beyond the heights.
We cry aloud: the only answer
Is the echo of our wailing cry.
From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead
There comes no word; but in the night of death
Hope sees a star, and listening love can hear
The rustle of a wing.
These myths were born of hopes, and fears and tears,
And smiles; and they were touched and colored
By all there is of joy and grief between
The rosy dawn of birth and death's sad night.
They clothed even the stars with passion,
And gave to gods the faults and frailties
Of the sons of men. In them the winds
And waves were music, and all the lakes and
Streams, springs, mountains, woods, and perfumed dells
Were haunted by a thousand fairy forms.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

To the Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D.,

Author of My Country 'Tis of Thee, on his eightieth birthday, Oct. 21, 188-:

From the Home Journal.

While through the land his strains resound,
What added fame can love impart
To him, who touched the string that found
Its echoes in a nation's heart?

No stormy ode, no fiery march
His gentle memory shall prolong.
But on fair Freedom's climbing arch
He shed the light of hallowed song.

Full many a poet's labored lines
A century's creeping waves will hide,
The verse a people's love enshrines
Stand like the rock that breasts the tide.

Time wrecks the proudest piles we raise,
The towers, the domes, the temples fall;
The fortress trembles and decays,
One breath of song outlasts them all.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Thar was Jim.

From the New York Clipper.

Wildest boy in all the village,
Up to every wicked lark;
Happy at a chance to pillage
Melon patches in the dark;
Seemed a 'tarnal mischief breeder,
Fur in every wicked whim
Put your hand upon the leader,
Thar was Jim.

He was eighteen w'en the summons
Come for Union volunteers,
An' the fifins an' the drummins,
An' the pateretic cheers,
Made us with excitement dance, sir,
Even ol' men, staid an' prim,
An' among the fust to answer,
Thar was Jim.

One day w'en the Gin'ral wanted
Volunteers to charge a place
Whar the rebel banner flaunted
Imperdently in our face,
Seemed as though the cannon's bellers
Had ne skeerishness for him,
Fur among the foremost fellers,
Thar was Jim.

How we cheered 'em at the startin'
On the fearful charge they made,
Though it seemed that death was sartin
In that orful ambuscade.
Once the smoke ris up, a showin'
Them as up the hill they clim,
An' ahead, an' still agoin',
Thar was Jim.

"Git thar!" Wal, yer jest a screamin';
Nothin' could 'a stopped them men,
Each one seemed a howlin' demon
Chargin' on a fiery den.
Purty tough w'en next I found him,
Fur with face all black an' grim,
Dead, with dead men all around him,
Thar was Jim.

Friend o' mine? I reckon, sorter;
Met him first one winter night;
Lord! but wasn't that storm a snorter,
W'en I went fur Doctor White,
W'en I heerd my wife a pleadin'
Me to come an' look at him,
Layin' in her arms a feedin',
Thar was Jim.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

Song for Music.

From Longman's Magazine.

Count the flashes in the surf,
Count the crystals in the snow,
Or the blades across the turf,
Or the dead that sleep below!
These ye may count, yet not know,
While I sleep or while I slumber,
Where my thoughts and wishes go,
What her name, and what their number.

Ask the cold and midnight sea,
Ask the silent-falling frost,
Ask the grasses on the lea,
Or the mad maid, passion crost!
They may tell of posies tost
To the waves where blossoms blow not,
Tell of hearts that staked and lost,
But of me and mine they know not.

EDMUND GOSSE.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Breaking Up a Gang of Counterfeiters at the Time of the War.

The amount of counterfeit money in circulation at the close of the war was something appalling. Counterfeiting began with the first greenback and shinplaster issued, and though the Government officials broke up many gangs during the war, five new ones started in where an old one was dispersed. It was a safer business than ever before and more profitable than it will ever be again, unless we have another war. Much of the stuff was worked off through soldiers, and it was only the very prudent citizen at home who stopped to scan and criticize his money.

In the spring of 1864, $30,000 worth of counterfeits were sent to one Indiana regiment in the field, and scarcely any attempt was made by the recipients—thirty or forty in number—to conceal the fact. At the same time a citizen who was at the front to sell postage stamps and stationery to the boys was quietly selling counterfeit $1 bills for 55 cents each. One brigade, as I had positive knowledge, purchased $18,000 worth of the "goods" inside of three days.

The soldiers purchased this money on the same principle that a respectable, law-abiding citizen smuggles a suit of clothes across the border. It was not considered a crime in any sense, and many instances came to my knowledge where commissioned officers were as deep in the mire as private soldiers. Indeed, a paymaster was said to have paid out several thousand dollars' worth of counterfeits to the troops in the regular way. A secret service detective finally appeared in camp, and I was detailed to assist him in securing clues and pointers. Such was our luck that I was discharged from the service in the field and taken into the bureau at Washington.

As a soldier and "one of the boys," I had but little trouble in ascertaining where the counterfeit money came from. It was made in several Northern States, but the most perfect bills came from Mitchell county, Indiana. I got hold of a circular which read that perfect counterfeit one and two-dollar bills, warranted to pass anywhere as genuine, could be had at sixty cents on the dollar by addressing "J. E. M., Shoals, Mitchell county, Indiana." I wrote to this address from our camp in the Shenandoah, and inside of a week received twenty $1 bills. They were fully up to the guarantee. I could have passed every one of them on the sutler. When I therefore reported in Washington for duty, I was all ready to move on the enemy. I was green in the detective business, of course, but as there happened to be a rush of business just then I was ordered off to Indiana on my own hook, and that almost without instructions. I first visited Madison and New Albany, but not a counterfeit was afloat and not a person could be found who knew of anything wrong at Shoals. I then proceeded to the town direct, giving out that I was looking for a location to start a big cooperage business.

I had made up my mind that the Postmaster had something to do with the business, but I changed it as soon as I saw him. He was an old man, simple minded and honest from top to bottom. As he was the owner of a piece of land which I had thoughts of buying, I was in his company more or less, inside and outside the office. He had never, so far as he knew, been stuck with a counterfeit, and none of the business men in the place had any trouble. This satisfied me that my pointers were only skin deep. While the gang used the Shoals Post Office their headquarters might be a long distance away.

My lay was to keep my eyes open for "J. E. M.," and a whole week went by before I made a discovery. I was at the office every time the mail came in, but no one inquired for those initials. Correspondents were not told to address in care of any box, but I was satisfied the letters were placed in one. By persistent observation I got to see most of the mail taken out, and one day I saw the Postmaster throw seven letters aside as he sorted the mail. These were afterward placed with as many more, tied up in a package, and left under the shelf of the general delivery window. I had now to see who called for this package. One evening, a quarter of a hour before the office closed, a gaunt-looking woman, poorly dressed and walking with a limp, entered and approached the window. The Postmaster handed her the package and asked:

"Well, is Tom any better?"

"A trifle, sir, but not much," she replied.

"He is getting lots of mail?"

"Yes, sir. He does lots of good. The soldiers say it is a sure cure every time."

That evening, as the Postmaster and I sat together in my room at the hotel, I carelessly referred to the woman and her letters.

"Say, the day will come when Uncle Sam will give that family a pension," he replied.

"For what reason?"

"For caring for the health of so many of his boys down at the front. That woman's husband is laid up with a fever sore. They live out here about seven miles. They make a sort of porous plaster out of roots and tallow which will prevent any one from taking cold if worn on the chest. This plaster will drive out rheumatism or neuralgia in two hours, and is a great thing to heal hurts and wounds."

"Do they have any sale here?" I asked.

"No, I guess not. The folks laugh at them, but they go off like hot cakes in the army."

"Then he sells a good many?"

"He sometimes gets fifty letters a week, and each one with fifty cents inside."

"He and the wife live alone, eh?"

"No. They have a nephew with them, I believe. He is said to be a young man from Ohio who was drafted into the army, and ran away to escape service. I guess he is knocking about the woods most of the time."

No one but a thoroughly honest old man could have been so simple. I was satisfied, now that I had the case in my hand, but there was more of the ground to be looked over. I engaged the Postmaster to go out with me next day to look at a tract of land lying on the road to "J. E. M.'s" place. The man's name was Roberts, and when I asked why his letters did not come properly addressed, the Postmaster explained:

"I can't just remember what the woman said about it, but I believe he used to have a partner in the business, and is afraid to use his legal name."

The next day we drove out to inspect the tract of land, and I so shaped things as to cut across the woods and make a call at Roberts's cabin. I had hoped to discover some evidences here to confirm my suspicions, but I did not do as well as expected. Roberts was supposed to be almost helpless with his ailment, but as we approached the place I caught sight of a man walking briskly between the house and the barn, and afterward knew that it was the cripple. It was an ordinary log house, divided into two rooms. When we reached it the man was lying on a lounge, and seemingly asleep, but the fresh earth on his boots had not yet dried. Not a sign of the letters could be seen, and when I spoke about his wonderful plasters and my desire to purchase I was informed that he was just out. It was plain to me that both Roberts and wife were under constraint, and though the Postmaster was my guarantee they were shy of me. Common hospitality forced them to offer us a bite to eat, but I knew they felt relieved when we took our departure.

As soon as we reached the shelter of the woods I sent the Postmaster across to the horse and buggy and secreted myself to see what would happen. In about twenty minutes Roberts appeared at the door, carefully looked about him, and then went to the barn, which stood about ten rods from the house, and hung an old sheepskin on a peg near the door. This door faced a highway which was so little used that it scarcely showed a wheel track. It struck me that he had hung up the sheepskin as a signal, and, though he returned to the house and everything was very quiet, I waited for two hours. Then I was rewarded by seeing a man ride past on horseback. He was evidently familiar with the signal, for he rode his horse through a gateway to the barn, and Roberts at once went out to meet him. I saw them have two or three packages between them, and they kept up a conversation which lasted half an hour. Then the sheepskin was taken down, the stranger rode away, and Roberts returned to the house with a package in his hand.

My theory had now settled down to this: Roberts and his wife did not make the money, as I had suspected. They were stool pigeons of the real counterfeiters. They received the letters and turned them over to a messenger, and he brought other letters for them to mail. The package he had just delivered was no doubt letters to be posted.

As soon as I rejoined the Postmaster I thought it best to take him into my confidence. He was dumfounded at my suspicions, but yet, in the new light of things, could recollect many little things going to show that I might be correct. Mrs. Roberts did not come to town that evening, as I anticipated, but next forenoon she arrived and posted twenty-one letters, each one of them directed to a soldier. Thirteen of them were directed to members of one Wisconsin regiment, and each and every one no doubt contained counterfeits.

I now reported to headquarters, and asked for two men to aid me. I met them at New Albany, and, after canvassing the case, a third man was sent us from Louisville, making up our party to four. Each proceeded to Shoals by his own route, and as many strangers were coming and going, the presence of our party provoked no unusual comment.

During my absence Mrs. Roberts had received two big mails and posted one, and nothing had occurred to create alarm. On the day after our arrival she came in with fifteen letters and took out twenty-nine. It was in the evening, and the four of us were on the road to the Roberts cabin within an hour. I had seen the messenger come and go by daylight, but that might have been an exception. When we reached the place we posted ourselves so that no one could approach or leave without being seen, and though the lights were out before 11 o'clock we remained alert until broad daylight. It was 10 o'clock in the forenoon before Roberts hung up the sheepskin and 11½ before the messenger arrived. It was the same uncouth fellow I had seen on the other occasion, and he received the mail of the night before and handed out a packet of letters to be posted.

We had our plans all perfected. Two of the force were left to arrest Roberts, and the other two of us lay in ambush down the road and arrested the messenger as he came up. He proved to be the right sort of a man. He no sooner found himself in custody than he wanted to squeal on the gang, and in half an hour we had all the information he could give.

Roberts and his wife were of different stuff, but when confronted with the messenger and made to understand that he had given the whole thing away, they became quite anxious to slip their necks out of the halter. They were the agents of the gang, and where do you suppose the gang had its headquarters? On a house boat which moved up and down the Ohio River, pretending to be in the service of the Government in locating obstructions, noting the changes in the channel, and recording depths. The money was printed in Louisville, and this headquarter boat supplied several towns on the river. Nearly all the "queer" was mailed to the soldiers, and there was a regular system about it. All the circulars sent to the Army of the Tennessee referred would-be purchasers to an address at New Albany. The Army of the Potomac was supplied from Shoals. The troops in the Southwest were supplied from Madison.

The messenger stated that the boat would be at a certain point, about six miles away, at 10 o'clock that night, and we were on hand to board and capture her. There were four men aboard, one of whom had charge of the correspondence. He had a snug little office fitted up, bought postage stamps by the hundred, and had about him a bushel of compromising documents. The receipts must have averaged $300 or more per day, and among the letters ordering the "queer" were epistles from several Captains and a Major. The messenger knew no one outside the boat. Robert and his wife knew only the messenger. Man and wife got a regular salary of $15 per week, while the messenger got $20. Of the four on the boat not one would betray his comrades, and so we did not get the printers and engravers at that haul. We got about $30,000 in counterfeit money, over $1,000 in good, and a mass of evidence which raided the armies and put a decided stop to the business which had so long flourished. Several officers were court martialled and dismissed, and a number of supposed respectable citizens along the river found it healthy to remove to distant points.

Two years later, when a gang of counterfeiters in Rhode Island was broken up, and two of the slickest captured, one of them, who went by the name of "Frenchy," told me that he printed all the money used along the Ohio up to the date of my raid, and that the printing was done within a square of a police station in Louisville. He said that the gang included at least seventy-five men, some of whom were city or county officials, coal dealers, steamboat men, and grocers, and the profits to each one amounted to at least $50 per week. Out of the pull only two men were sent to prison, but it ended the business at once along the river.

THE FLIGHT OF A CHARGE OF SHOT.

Interesting Experiments with Two Kinds of Guns—Killed by a Lagging Pellet.

Every man who owns a shotgun is interested in shotgun targets, by which is meant the space which the shot from a gun will cover at any given distance from the gun, as well as the evenness with which the shot are distributed over that space. However, not every sportsman can afford the time or expense of testing his gun in regard to its target as he might wish to do, and especially to compare it with others. Some experiments recently made in England, in which a full choke-bored barrel was compared with a true cylinder barrel, are therefore worth describing.

For the first time in the history of guns, an accurate target made by the charge of shot at two inches from the muzzle has been obtained. The difficulties that have hitherto prevented this achievement were the violent expulsion of the air ahead of the charge from the barrel, and the more violent action of the powder gases on the target after the charge of shot had struck it. The power of the gases was sufficient to demoralize anything useful as a target. In the experiments referred to, however, an eighteen-inch cylinder of Damascus metal was bored out at one end to a diameter of two inches, tapering toward the other end to the diameter of an ordinary 12-bore gun, with a full choke at the muzzle. By securing this tube firmly in a rest and firing a charge of shot into it from a shotgun placed thirty inches away, it was found that all the shot of the charge would enter the big end of the tube and would pass out of the choked end, while the gases of the explosion were sufficiently dissipated by the passage through the air to enable the experimenter to obtain good targets.

The gun was loaded with 42 grains of Schultz powder and 1⅛ ounces of No. 6 shot. The gun, fired from the shoulder at forty yards, put 220 shot in a thirty-inch circle. After a series of targets had been made with the choke-bored, taper-ended tube, the choke was bored out and a second series of targets taken, which represented the true cylinder gun. The targets (a dozen or so at each distance) were taken at two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, and eighteen inches from the muzzle of the tube.

Targets were also taken with a choke-bored gun and a true cylinder gun, without the use of the taper tube, the distances from the muzzle being twenty-four inches, thirty inches, thirty-six inches, two yards, six yards, twelve yards, and eighteen yards. The targets were made of glazed cardboard on a soft pine board an inch thick.

The experiments showed that at two inches from the muzzle of the choked tube the shot covered a space a sixteenth of an inch less in diameter than the muzzle from which they came. At four inches there was no change, but at six inches the shot had opened so as to cover a circle of eight-tenths of an inch. The cylinder targets at these distances had a ragged outline instead of a smooth one like the others.

There was a constant but very moderate opening of the shot up to eighteen inches. At this distance the cylinder had a better looking target, although several shot had made erratic flights from the main body. The advantage in looks—that is, evenness of spread—remained with the cylinder up to two yards, at which distance the targets were nearly four inches across. The choke-bored target here had a solid nucleus, with a halo of erratic shots all about it, while the cylinder, with the exception of a couple of erratic shots, had simply widened out its whole charge.

At four yards the extreme spread of both the choke and the cylinder targets was about six inches, but the choke had a solid nucleus while the cylinder charge had opened out bodily. At six yards the cylinder charge spread two inches more than the choke, and for each two yards removal of the the target the cylinder gained a spread of about two inches over the choke until at eighteen yards the cylinder covered very well a thirty-inch circle, while the choke covered a space of about a foot less in diameter. It is perfectly clear from these experiments that at twenty yards, or in other words at short ranges of perhaps up to twenty-six yards, the cylinder spreads the charge so as to give the greatest number of chances of hitting a bird, and, having hit it, of killing it without destroying its use for the table.

At thirty yards the choke just fills the thirty-inch circle, while the cylinder has spread pretty well over a forty-eight-inch circle. With No. 8 shot, or smaller sizes, this wide circle would be so well filled that a quail would probably have little chance of escape, but a pretty good sized bird, a pigeon for instance, would have an excellent chance of getting away. It appears by laying the bird on the target made that not over three shot would hit a pigeon, and unless the pigeon's head, neck, or heart is pierced by one of the three he would fall out of bounds, and perhaps escape altogether. But if six No. 6 shot strike a pigeon, though missing the heart, head, and neck entirely, the bird will drop instantly. This the well bored choke is good for. It has been demonstrated, too, that it is better to use small shot so long as they have penetration enough to get through to the inner organs of the game, than to use larger shot that may go clear through. Many fine shot are more deadly than a few large ones.

At 40 yards the full choke covers a circle of 32 or 33 inches so evenly that no game bird could live, while the cylinder is nowhere in comparison, and at this and greater distances the killing of a bird with a cylinder is simply a matter of luck.

There is another view to be taken of the distribution of the shot from the two styles of tubes. If a man could only stand 30 or 40 yards away from the muzzle of the gun, and watch the charges of shot fly past him, he would be astonished at what he saw. The shot not only spreads out into a widening target as they fly, but they string out one behind the other to a much greater distance than they spread. Thus, with a cylinder gun, when the first shot of a charge reach a target that is 40 yards away the last shot are lagging along 10 yards behind. Even with a choke-bored gun the shot lag behind eight yards in forty. This accounts for the long swath that is mowed in a flock of ducks on whom the charge of shot fall just right. About five per cent. only of the charge of shot arrive simultaneously at the target, but the balance of the first half of the charge is so close behind that a bird's muscles are not quick enough to get it out of the way, although those who have watched sitting birds when shot at have often seen them start as if to fly when the leading shot whistled by them, only to drop dead as they were overtaken by the leaden hail that followed.

The writer once saw two partridges shot on the ground. They were standing in line with the shooter, one being seven yards further away than the other, but the one nearer the gun was not seen by the shooter on account of a slight depression in the ground. The shooter fired at the bird he saw, and the nucleus, such as there was of the charge, killed it. At the moment it was hit the bird in the hollow raised its head, and got a shot through its brain. The observer saw them both, and it looked at the time as if the bird further away was shot first.

Sort of a Bracer.

Husband (to wife, as they were returning from a 5 o'clock tea)—Did you give orders to Bridget, my dear, to have dinner precisely at 6 o'clock?

Wife—Yes.

Husband—Well, I'm very glad of it. That what-d'ye-call-it-tea has given me a tremendous appetite.